

THE EVENING TIMES ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1908.

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THE LOVELY GUARD,

NORMAN INNES,

Author of "The Burg of War" (London Magazine, 1906); "Parson
Crest" (Freelance, 1907).

Continued.

"Ella, dost thou hear it?"
"Some fisherman upon the lake,"
replied the other despondently.
"But the words and the air, Ella?"
"Nay, I heard not the words, nor
the air. I am sad, I know not why;
thou hast—"

A man's voice cut her short, a
man's voice and a man's laughter,
and a man's step upon the terrace.
That was like to linger above me,
and the business for which I stood
numb, with teeth chattering, not yet
begun. And then to my dismay, the
elder woman spoke.

"Otto, I would go out upon the
lake, the night is hot and the boats
are ready beneath."

"And I, cousin fair, am ready to
do thy pleasure," replied von Wegen
gallantly, as he sauntered down the
steps in leisurely fashion and began
loosing the knots that bound the
necker of the craft, to the terrace
near of the water lapping against the
stairway. I seized the opportunity of
putting the remaining boat, which to
my joy rode high upon the lake, be-
twixt me and the Count and his
guests.

I dropped the auger, but it mat-
tered not. With scarce a ripple half
swimming, half wading, I slipped in-
to the shadow upon the further side
as the ladies of Rohn came tripping
down the stairs. They sat them
down in a cushioned seat in the stern
of the boat and as I started to dis-
tinguish their features in the gloom,
the Count sprang in and slowly
backed the craft out into the lake.
As shadows they vanished from my
sight, and after waiting for some
moments listening to the even fall of
the oars upon the water, I sprang
to the steps and sat down to rail at
Fate who had served me thus sur-
vily and left me drenched to the bone
and a prisoner at the door of my
enemy's house.

CHAPTER XII.

By Sonndheim's Lake.

Shivering, all out of heart, I
crouched upon the steps listening to
the sweep of the oars in the darkness
to the trickle of the water from my
dripping garments, and then with
every sense alert, could have sprung
to my feet with a shout of triumph.
The enemy was in our hands, his re-
straint off; the chance to which the
Spaniard had trusted had come.
Indeed, fortunate was it that I had
dropped the auger, fortunate that
the craft were unharmed.

Springing to the ring in the wall
I gripped the rope that held the boat
and fell feverishly to loosening the
knots. With the free end of the
cord in my hand, I waited intent to
catch the voices of von Wegen and
the ladies and the distant splash of
their oars. Of the exact position of
the boat I was uncertain; but so far
as I could judge its course lay to-
wards the centre of the lake.
With the castle lights at my back
the Brieter-see was a sea of black-
ness and I could only hope that Leon
de Portugal was aware of the iden-
tity of those who were approaching him.

Stealthily I pushed from the
stairs and plying my blades with all
possible caution, pulled in the direc-
tion of the distant voices. The boat
was heavy and slow, as was my pro-
gress, each moment I expected to be
seen and hailed by those before me.
Between each stroke I rested on my
oars to catch the faintest sound that
might guide me. I was anxious not
to lose touch with von Wegen and
yet to escape his notice.

Suddenly, a shout rang out across
the waters.

"To there, knave, seek other fish-
ing grounds; plague on thee, my oar
is foul of thy net."

A quavering answer greeted this
rough hail, as with a few swift
strokes I seized the chance of lessen-

ing the distance between us unob-
served. The Count's temper was
short that night. Roundly he cursed
this unlucky fisherman; but I was
too intent on gaining on him and
his guests to heed his speech. Scant
heed, it seemed, paid the culprit to
his lord's challenge; and then as von
Wegen's voice rose hot with passion,
not more than a dozen yards ahead,
I checked the boat to stare into the
night.

For a moment I could see nothing,
but, peering into the gloom, at last
descried two dim grey figures loom-
ing before me. Next a darker form
above a shapeless hull, was outlined
in the shadows—the Count it appear-
ed nearest the bow of his craft. Then
came a cracked voice, piteous and
pleading, the voice of an old man,
though I guessed the speaker to be
no older than the Spaniard.

"Pardon, good sir; if I draw my
nets, my fishing is spoiled for the
night. Have pity, Excellency, I am
an old man and very poor."

"And very deaf it seems and slow
to boot," cried von Wegen. "Is it
thou, old Jacob? Grudge not, my
man or by Heaven, my foresters
shall burn thy gear upon the mor-
row."

Dimly, as a log upon the water, I

caught sight of the Spaniard's boat.
It lay not a yard from the other's
bow. More, I could make out a
shadowy form huddled above the
gunwale, apparently busily engaged
in drawing up a net.

All this while the Countess had
sat silent, Inez von Rohn bent for-
ward as if watching the fisherman
intently, the other leaning with her
arm upon her sister's shoulder. Not
one of the three had an inkling of
my presence, as little as the crew
ever nearer.

Nearer, too drew
von Wegen to the craft that lay athwart
his course, till at last I heard
the hoars of the larger boat strike
the other's side with a crash. Then
the Count lost all patience with the
man.

"Look to thy wherry, old dotard!"
he cried, "to thy nets, to thyself.
Who art thou? What brings thee—
loose thy hold of the gunwale, knave."

So my comrade had him fast,
thought I, as with a long pull, I
surged towards them. And then, as
the Count raised an oar to free him-
self of the fisherman's grip, the
Spaniard sprang upright in the boat
and full on von Wegen fell a shape-
less mass, wreathing his head, en-
tangling his shoudering with her
limbs, for that struggling wretch that
the net had never left the water.

A cry of terror escaped Elsa von
Rohn.

"Inez!" I heard her gasp as she
clutched her sister in her fear, and at
the same instant the heavy load I
rowed grated against the one in
which they sat. At the sight of a
second assailant, the screams of the
younger Countess redoubled, while
Leon de Portugal cried to me that I
should spring from my boat into our
enemy's.

The water came rushing over the
gunwale as I leaped, but the craft
quickly righted.

"Bind him, here is rope," cried he,
while I knelt above the prostrate
man who was snared as surely as
ever was hart or hare. Vainly he
struggled to free himself from the
meshes, vainly he threatened. In the
dimness I bound him hand and foot
with the net still fast about his
limbs, lashing the cord to the thwart
beneath which he had fallen.

"Is it finished?" cried Leon de
Portugal as I rose from above our
foe, and leaning towards the women
he spoke in a tongue I knew not—it
was Spanish and whenever I hear it
spoken, I think of that pitch-black
night upon the Brieter-see.

The Lady Elsa was sobbing fitful-
ly, her head upon her sister's shoul-
der, but Inez von Rohn sat unmoved
in the stern of the boat. I could
slowly came my comrade's words in
the measured cadence of Castille, broken
now and again by a quick gasp
of inquiry on the part of the women.
For full five minutes he spoke, and
then followed a torrent of questions
from her lips. Was he telling her of
those pearls, laying bare von Weg-
en's villainy? Was she learning at
last of the web of deceit her kin-
man had woven for her sister's un-
doing? Once she laughed, coldly,
dryly, glanced at me for a moment
and bending her head beside her sis-
ter's, whispered softly.

The other's weeping broke forth
afresh, nor knew I how this business
was like to end.

THE PERSECUTION OF NOTORIETY
DRIVES EVELYN THAW TO EUROPE

"I Can't Live in New York Now" is Her
Cry—Ordered Out of Public Restau-
rant and Asked to Leave Her Hotel
Apartments

(Nikola Creely-Smith in New York
World.)

Why am I so persecuted? What
of my crime? But I have not been accus-
ed on the stand to save my husband I
am hounded, spied upon, lied about.
I can't live in New York. Just as
soon as the proceedings to annul my
marriage have been completed I am
going abroad, and I am never com-
ing back to New York."

It was Evelyn Thaw who spoke,
and as I looked at her, sitting in the

trial as "that valiant child" was
suddenly before my eyes a weeping
woman. And as she sat in Mr. O'
Reilly's office, with the prospect of
freedom from her maniac husband
and the assurance of lifelong ease—
at least financially—I could not won-
der that, homeless as Hagar turned
into the wilderness, she wept.

For the first time Evelyn Thaw's
long eyes had glimpsed the arid vi-
sta that all women must traverse
who look into the world's Medusa
eyes with their own eyes fearlessly,

to her that this phenomenon was
easily explicable.

Here is a girl who, whether we ex-
plain her divergence from the ordi-
nary rules of conduct, by help-
lessness, or cold blooded choice,
has undoubted brains. A girl who,
notwithstanding all that has been
written of her beauty, is not vain of
her personal appearance; who, though
columns have been devoted to saying
that love of dress and luxury pro-
cured her ruin, really does not care
about clothes at all, and who told
me once that her ideal of happiness
was to live on a ranch and never
wear anything more decorative than
a shirtwaist and skirt.

Feeling more and more every day
the pursuit of that dead past, which
must stalk her footsteps to the grave
she turns to the only world where
ghosts are laid—the world of
books.

"I have read and studied a great
deal in the last two years," contin-
ued Mrs. Thaw, "and I want to
write something while I live. In
Germany I will be let alone. I can
make a home and live and eat and
sleep and write without any notice
being taken of me at all."

"But there have been rumors that
you intend to marry again, Mrs.
Thaw, if the courts release you," I
said.

Evelyn Thaw smiled.
"I have had quite enough of mar-
riage," she said. "I never expect to
marry again."

"I have no plans beyond getting
away from this, putting the ocean
between me and persons who use my
misfortunes for advertising purposes.
I will have to testify next week as
to the date of my marriage and a
few details of that kind; also I must
say that I have not condoned any-
thing that has come to my know-
ledge. Then I will go away."

A gleam came into Mrs. Thaw's
eyes as she said this. A year ago I
could not have imagined that that
once valiant voice would ring with
triumph at the mere prospect of flight.

But once more the old battle be-
tween the world and the woman had
been fought—and the world has won.
Homeless in a city of a million
homes, friendless among 4,000,000
human beings about to steal away
in solitary flight from the scene of
her triumphs and her despair, the
woman wept. And as I looked what
may be my last on Evelyn Thaw, she
who had faced dry-eyed an audience
of men and women who shuddered at
the horror of the tale she told, I un-
derstood her tears.

What a great tragedy could not do
with a shrewdly ordered such as few
women could survive to accomplish,
had been wrought by a
sordid story of being turned out of a
hotel.

The inspiration of battle was gone,
the fine daring, the glamor of sacri-
fice had disappeared, and the girl
whose frail hand had turned the
scales of justice covered under the
title-tattle of Mrs. Grundy.

"Serves her right," comes a chorus
of the indignant just.

I am not discussing the justice or
injustice of the situation, merely the
palpable humor of it.

Think of it! The courage the mas-
terly Jerome could not break, the
will against which he opposed vainly
all the power and inequity of a
trained prosecutor, had snapped un-
der a chronicle of snivel and sneer; or,
to be accurate, a bottle of wine at the
Hotel Knickerbocker!

And the girl who faced the world
without a quiver, who had triumphed
over Jerome and Garvin, and whose
evidence the Thaw jury ac-
knowledgeled led her to the Cortlandt
street ferry on her way to her hiding
place.

TO APRIL.

Dear April, you're like some coquette,
Sunt little flirt, I've seen
For half the time your face is bright,
And then, all unforeseen,
You drop your head and pout and shed
Tears that you do not mean.

Yes, April, you're a winsome lass,
A little flirt, I know color are the thing
You do bewitch this heart of mine
And bid me whisper low,
"You are a true coquette because
You make me love you so!"

was \$364,715, or \$7,000 over the previous
year.

And it seemed to me as I talked



MRS EVELYN THAW

office of Daniel O'Reilly, I faced the
most amazing spectacle I had ever
seen. For Evelyn Thaw was crying.
She who without tears had bared her
young soul in a public court in the
effort to save the man from whom
she now seeks to be freed on the
same plea of insanity which ac-
quitted him of murder yet at last—she
who had faced withgoings and
the horrors of the law office at which
most merciless cross-examination
now sat a huddled, sobbing heap of
helplessness in the law office at which
she had stood on the day of her
flight from New York. She seemed
more than ever the pale wreath
the beauty she had been. And in the
hollow of her cheek and the trem-
bling of the long slender hands that
have held the reins of destiny for
many men I read the signs of wrecked
nerves and a shattered will.

"I have been made the victim of
the management that we do so, but
as the result of the stories printed
about the Hotel Knickerbocker, Mr.
Dix, of course, has been introduced
into the management."

"What can I do?" she exclaimed.
"I have done everything I could to
escape notice. I dress differently; I
do my hair differently. You saw me
at both trials and you know that
this is so."

I did know it. Gone was the semi-
fitted schoolgirl frock, the little
turn-down collar with the soft knot
of dark blue over which Evelyn's
rounded chin had dropped or held it
self in high defiance on the witness
stand. In its stead was a smart
walking suit of dark blue with a nar-
row black stripe, the skirt cutaway
coat opening over a waist of white
Irish lace. On her brown hair, which
was arranged high on her head with
out the black bow at the nape of the
neck which her pictures had made
famous, was a black bird and an
aigrette of feathery white. "In the
Hotel Knickerbocker," she continued,
"I wore a yellow evening dress, with
my hair done high. That was the
second time I had ever been out with
Mr. Thomas, who was introduced to
me by Mrs. Thaw."

As Evelyn Thaw spoke I thought
that for the first time she looked her
twenty-four years. There were actu-
ally lines of feeling stamped on the
coldly beautiful face, which some per-
sons have considered merely the ex-
quisite chiselled marble of a dead
soul.

I had talked with her on many pre-
vious occasions, but I had never felt
before that I was facing a woman.
She who had seemed by turns a
charming, perverse, defiant child,
whose genius for ingenuousness would
I thought, carry her smiling into old
age, had suddenly grown up.

She whom Thaw had written of in
one of his strange letters read at the

instead of seeing merely its softened
reflection in the shield of a husband's
love. For the first time she called
for quarter.

"I am being driven from America,"
she said. "Unfortunately I shall
have to return to New York next
Thursday, but when my case is over
I will take the first steamer out of
New York, and I do not expect to
return."

"What will you do in Europe?" I
inquired. "Is it true that you are
writing a book?"

"Yes," Mrs. Thaw admitted, "but
I do not expect to publish anything
until I am thirty. I intend to study
perfect my rhetoric. You know I
want to write something worth
while."

"Will it be fiction?"

"No," Mrs. Thaw replied. "It will
contain something of my experiences
and my observations of life."

"I recalled to Mrs. Thaw that
during the first trial she had told me
that Mr. Jerome had promised to re-
turn that interesting human docu-
ment to her at the conclusion of the
case."

"Mr. Garvin has been looking for
it," she replied. "He cannot find it.
But Mr. Jerome has promised to
look among his papers tomorrow. I
want to take it with me."

And here I noticed the recurrence
of a phenomenon which had impress-
ed me during my very first. But we all
with Evelyn Thaw more than a year
ago. Whatever else she may be or
do, she is a chronic nervous. I
intend to write. Mention of the diary
and of the prospect of writing a
book had diverted the young woman
immediately from her story of perse-
cution, and she grew cheerful and
interested in discussing her plans.

And it seemed to me as I talked



(Cable from Paris.)

Paris, April 10.—At Callot's, the famous
dressmaker's, they say they would rather
dress a stylish woman than a pretty one.
Of course, every woman's dearest wish
about dress is to be stylish. But just
look at the first hundred women you see
today. How many of them by any stretch
of courtesy could you call stylish?

You can count them on the thumbs of
one hand.

We make the mistake of thinking that
style in dress is a matter of having clothes
cut in a prevailing mode, from prevailing
materials, in prevailing colors. But we
simply do not realize ourselves at all.

It is not enough to wear stylish clothes.
Clothes must be becoming and they must
be worn stylishly. One cannot wear
clothes stylishly if one walks badly. And
how many women there are who walk
falling first on one foot and then on the
other or by shuffling along as if they were
afraid their shoes would fall off. They
simply do not realize themselves at all.

Did you ever notice how many women
are ashamed of their shoes? Just speak
of smart shoes, and watch all your hear-
ers tuck their feet out of sight. How
many women you will see today wearing
good looking dresses and coats, but grab-

Fetehing things
to wear.FETEHING WAYS
TO WEAR THEM.Belle Armstrong Whitney
FASHION EXPERTby shoes, awful gowns, and hats that look
like last year's bird-nest in a cyclone
country.

For theatre matinees, luncheons, etc., a
pretty gown is of the new blue-pon-
serry satin as soft as crepe. The skirt is
all of the satin. The waist is all of the
gold lace. The fronts of the waist are
two widths of the lace, continued down
the front of the dress to the foot, form-
ing a princess panel. Sleeves cut in one
with the waist. It was worn with blue
ozone pumps. You can match these ex-
actly in Slater Shoes for Women, the "Ce-
cile," No. 263-F. So many of the new
Slater models are worn here, as to see
them all.

Complete gowns worn with fancy coats
of different colors are the thing. A
crimson velvet coat with a gray crepe
gown, a green taffeta coat with an Irish
lace gown, are instances.

Belle Armstrong Whitney.
P. S.—In a few days the booklet in
which I am going to tell you all about
Spring and summer style will be ready.
But as the edition will be limited it will
have to be a case of first ask, first served.
If you want a copy, please send your
name and address at once to The Slater
Shoe agent in your city, E. G. McCollough,
81 King street, St. John, N. B. The
fashion matter will be interesting.

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he had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla two days her of times and like it very much. It
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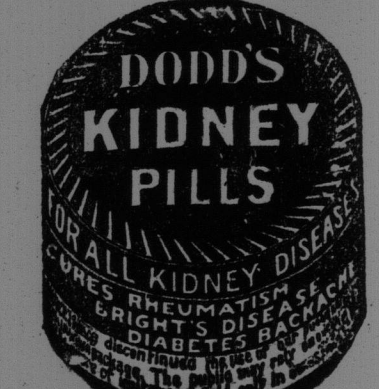
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